

# Good Morning \$70

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## THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

By THOMAS A. KEMPIS

ALL men naturally desire to know. But what does knowledge avail without the fear of God?

Indeed, a humble worker who serves God is better than a clever man filled with conceit.

He who knows himself well is never conceited. Nor does he desire the praise of other men.

If you had all the knowledge in the world and still lacked charity—what would it avail you in the eyes of God? For He judges you by what you do.

There are many things which are of little or no profit to the soul of man.

And the man who attends to some things, but neglects his soul, is most unwise.

Words, words, and more words; do these satisfy the soul? But a good life gives ease to the mind. A pure conscience gives great confidence in God.

If you think you know a lot

and if you think you understand a great deal—remember at the same time that there are a great many more things about which you are ignorant.

So do not be conceited, but rather recognise how wide is your ignorance.

To have no opinion of ourselves, and to think always well and commendably of others, is great wisdom and high perfection.

We are all frail, but do not believe there is anyone more frail than yourself.

BE vigilant and diligent in the service of God; think often for what reason you are in the world.

For you may labour now, but through fervour you shall find great rest and everlasting joy.

Continue faithful in working and God will be faithful in rewarding.

So trust in the Lord and do good.

# THIS PADRE NEEDS ROLLER-SKATES NOW

Reports Ron Richards

IN the study of the Rev. E. Parkhouse, M.R.S.T., Rector of the West Sussex Parish of Elsted, at the foot of the Downs, when I called recently, was a cinema bill announcing that Ginger Rogers would be playing in "Melody Inn" at the local cinema the forthcoming week. Also, on the wall was a table of postage rates, and alongside a Biblical text.

In one corner, behind a trap-door that leads into the hall, was a pair of scales, and above them a roll of Registered Post bags.

Because it was a Wednesday afternoon, the study, which is also the village Post Office, was quiet. Wednesday is early closing day which means that Postmistress Mrs. Parkhouse can go into Midhurst to shop, and her husband, who assists her in this job, has an opportunity of visiting the homes of some of his parishioners.

The study also is the editorial office of the Parish Magazine, which the Rector founded, and now edits, writes and distributes. To fill up space he gives some of his experiences in the garden, and his wife writes hints on keeping house.

I asked the Rector if he would escort me to his church. "Which one?" he said, "I have three." We saw the Church of St. Paul in the village of Elsted. It was the smallest church I had seen, and was covered almost completely with ivy, and to reach the door I had to wade through knee-high grass and weeds.



The chancel attaches itself to the fourteenth century, the stout, early English work is unmistakable, and the main archway is distinctly Norman. This was the Parish Church until 1849, when it was left to decay, and it was around 1873 that it was used again. Twenty years later a gale damaged the roof of the Nave when the entire church was left in utter neglect until early this century, when parts were restored.

In the paving it is possible to detect the consecration crosses anointed and blessed by the Bishops. The Nor-

man arcading and perfect Herring Bone masonry on parts of the left wall that could be Saxon, make even the ruined section historically intriguing.

The bell, of unknown date, is fixed in a corner of the ruin, and is tolled by the Rector prior to his Sunday evensong.

There are eighteen pews in this church, but they are seldom all taken except when the children from the nearby Church School attend the special mid-week service.

"No, the people don't go to Church here," the Rector told me, "although, of course, there are some regular churchgoers in the parish, few of the workers attend. I have been here less than two years, and am still considered a newcomer, but the villagers are extremely friendly."

But although the Rector is a newcomer to the parish, he is respected as the father of the community, to whom they all go with their troubles.

The latest matter in hand is the complete absence of transport for shoppers and workers. There is no bus

service into or from Elsted. And the Rector has been campaigning to have at least a bi-weekly transport for shoppers, who otherwise are compelled to walk or cycle to the county towns.

One day soon the church will be full because it is at the request of the villagers that Rev. Parkhouse will hold a special service on Lammas Day, the day on which the first loaf will be made from the new harvest.

During this service, by special request, a hymn written by the Rector will be sung. The villagers are unaware of the identity of the author, but they invariably repeat the request on all special days of prayer.

The second church in charge of Rector Parkhouse is that of Saint Andrew in the village of Didding. This house of worship, also picturesquely antiquated, is six hundred years old. The interior is white-washed; there are nearly fifty pews. There are two services a month at St. Andrew's, in addition to special youth services.

The Church of St. Peter, the white elephant of the parish, is the third church, at Treyford.

In 1849, when St. Paul's was in a bad state of repair and considered by parishioners to be inadequate, the Honourable Caroline Mary Vernon Harcourt, wife of the Rev. Harcourt, donated £35,000 for the erection of a bigger and better church, now known as the cathedral of the Downs because of its magnificent structure of austere design.

The church is seldom attended by more than half-a-dozen parishioners. Sussex doggedness is given as the explanation: "We prefer the real old Sussex churches; the new one, elegant as it is, should be in the town," they say.

Of their Rector they say: "He's a good man; he works for the Lord and for us." But still they don't go to church.

## Superstitious? Here's Why

WHEN a Member of the House of Commons enters or leaves the debating chamber he bows to the Speaker.

Why? I have asked quite a number of M.P.s, and they all think it is just to show respect to the chairman. It isn't anything of the kind.

The truth is that centuries ago there was a large picture of the Virgin Mary behind the Speaker's chair. The Members, then all good Churchmen, bowed to the picture!

Why is it that so many people cannot be persuaded to pass under a ladder? It is not because they fear something falling on them. The reason lies in an old legend that at the time of the Crucifixion, when the body was being taken from the cross, there was a fight between devils and angels for possession.

The angels won, but ever since then it had been accepted that to pass under a ladder meant coming in contact with evil spirits.

Most of the superstitions of to-day have their base in religious fears and legends of long ago.

The practice of saluting the quarterdeck on board a warship is based, not on a tribute to the officers, but because there used to be a crucifix fastened to the mizzen mast, so that the voyage should be safe and without hazard.

The common belief of ill-luck following on thirteen people sitting down at table is said to have had its origin in the Last Supper. Ever since Judas rose from that table and went out and hanged himself the suggestion is that death will come swiftly to the first of the people at table.

Among the Hebrews the sign that represented the number 13 is the same as that meaning death. The 12 tribes are said to correspond to the 12 months of the year, but in the past the

year held 13 lunar months, so the last number was unlucky. It is a fact, too, known to-day in many insurance offices, that, on calculations, one out of 13 persons taken indiscriminately will die within a year.

The number 13 has had its effect even on modern hotels and the numbering of streets. Many hotels will not have a room of that number, and before the 1914 war the L.C.C. ordered that the number should be deleted from many streets in London and the number 12a given.

How often do we hear it said in the City and elsewhere that So-and-So has "gone to the wall"—meaning that he has met failure? The beginning of the phrase is to be found in the wailing place of the Jews in the East, where, when misfortune or illness came, they went to the Wailing Wall and gave vent to their despair.

Then there is the common superstition of "touching wood." In the early days of the Church it was believed that to touch a part of the true Cross was to ward off misfortune. It is for this reason that pieces of what was claimed to be the true Cross were distributed throughout Christendom.

In the Vatican there is a piece of wood for which this claim is made, and another with the monks of Mount Athos in the Mediterranean. The piece at Mount Athos is said to have the power to cure sickness.

The same claims are made in various parts of the East for iron nails. Even to-day I know fishermen who, when in church, touch the nails in the pews. The belief is that iron can ward off the machinations of the Devil.

When we place our hands to our mouths while we yawn we are not only acting politely. We are obeying the impulse of the early Christians, when men



made the sign of the Cross in front of their mouths.

The reason for the gesture was to prevent certain evil influences from gaining entrance that way.

Have you ever walked down a street, stepping always in the middle of the pavement flagstones, and never allowing your feet to touch the line of mortar between the stones? Why did you do it? The answer is to be found far back in the ice age, when men stepped warily across rivers on blocks

of floating ice. A mis-step would have meant death.

Why did Dr. Johnson always touch a post as he walked along Fleet Street? He was obeying the superstitious impulse that so many of us obey when we "touch" objects as we pass.

The habit, according to psychologists, originated in the days when men were afraid of traps laid by their enemies, and made sure that they were not in immediate danger.

Marcus Delinger



## The Family line up for You

A.B. James Ginner

AFTER covering nearly the whole of Allerton, Liverpool, A.B. James Ginner, looking for Nursery Road, we at last found your home at 4 Nursery Lane, Garston, Liverpool. We practically sank to the doorstep!

We just caught your mother coming in from church; she had been to say a Mass for you, Jim.

Margaret was in, too, with her friend, Francis. They both send their love to you, and asked us to tell you that they are going in for a dancing medal.

Kay was home, and we got her to give us a tune on the piano. She says she has for-

gotten how, but it didn't seem so to us.

She wanted to know how you feel about being a prospective uncle. And asked us to tell you that your brother, Michael, has joined the Sea Cadets, and when you come home, Jim, he is going to teach you a few things.

Dad sent his love to you and wished you all the best. He was just snatching "forty winks" when we called, but he soon rallied round when he realised that we wanted him in the picture to send to you.

Granny is in the picture. Baby Marie is there, too, with Pa, her little pup. She tried to say "pup," but couldn't quite manage it.

John, your eldest brother, is well, although we didn't see him, as he was working for his living when we called.

Anne was also working when we called, but Margaret said that we could send her love to you, so here it is by proxy.

And that, A.B. Ginner, concludes the home "gen" for you.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# Lame Partridge Dodged Death

By Fred Kitchen

JESSE was trimming the hedge alongside the turnip field when he witnessed a one-act comedy.

A stoat ran out of the hedge some distance further along—which wasn't an unusual thing when Jesse was hedging.

But this stoat acted unusual to Jesse's ideas of his hedge-row friends, for it stopped at the end of a turnip row and stood on its hind legs.

It was either listening or looking intently at some movement in the turnips. It looked a comical figure—"showing off its white vest," said Jesse, wondering what it was up to.

He was not long in doubt, for the stoat suddenly slithered down a turnip row, and almost immediately a covey of young partridge rose out of the turnips, wheeled around, and dropped again.

At the same time, an old hen partridge ran on to the headland, followed by the stoat. The bird's wing drooped and it seemed unable to fly, and it looked as though its blood-thirsty pursuer was having an easy kill.

The stoat raced over the ground at an amazing speed, and several times it seemed on the point of capturing its prey, when the bird gave an extra flutter and escaped by the breadth of a feather.

They came within ten yards of where Jesse was standing, when he stepped out to decide the issue.

The partridge, instead of taking alarm at this new danger, put on an extra spurt and settled boldly down at Jesse's feet.

The stoat stopped short and looked defiantly up at Jesse. It seemed half inclined to make a dart at the prey—so nearly

within its reach; then, thinking better of it, glided back up the headland and darted into the turnip row where it had first "set up" the partridge.

Thinking the poor bird at his feet was exhausted, Jesse stooped to pick it up, but the suddenness with which it went whirring away showed it was only shamming lameness.

It went sailing across to its brood, and Jesse went on with his hedging, thinking that that was the end of the little play.

But that was not the end, for presently the partridge came running out again, and again the stoat followed down the headland.

Then he stopped, as though struck with the idea of the trick that was being played on him—and went back into the turnips.

The partridge, on seeing she wasn't being followed, set up several long peculiar calls, and out of the turnips rose nine half-grown partridges, which followed the mother-bird down to where Jesse was at work.

"Well, I never!" said Jesse, as the brood settled down to grub amongst the turnips nearby.

They never wandered more than twenty yards from the man with the hedge-knife, whom they took to be less dangerous than the sneaking little stoat that came upon them so unawares.

Jesse, musing over their probable fate, considered they would be safer dodging death with the stoat than seeking protection of man now that the shooting season had started.



# Treeless Land of Beautiful Girls

ICELAND, historic island on the Arctic Circle, hermit of the Atlantic, has been adding a new page in its already picturesque history by its temporary occupation by Allied Forces. Of her independence and her democratic institutions Iceland has always been proud.

And well she may be, for her Parliament is the oldest in the world, dating back over 1,000 years.

The Vikings of Norway, some of the earliest fighters in the cause of freedom, had always been chieftains in their own right—the equals of kings.

When, some 200 years before William conquered England, King Harold of the Fairhair challenged the chieftains' dominion and ruthlessly smashed all who resisted him, many of the chiefs sought new homes in the Shetlands, Orkneys, Western Isles and the Faeroes. From these new strong-

holds the Vikings sallied forth on their far-flung raids.

The new settlements prospered until, one fateful day, these Norse commandos returned from one of their more lengthy sorties to find that their homeland had been bartered to Scotland in their absence.

Thousands submitted, but many migrated still further afield—to Iceland—a name they gave it to dissuade all others from following them there.

They carried their propaganda a stage further, giving a more northerly land, almost completely glacier, the fair name of Greenland to entice the also-rans thither.

Of the strongly democratic ways of their forefathers, whose laws, culture and literature have enriched western thought, Icelanders still retain the bulk.

In fact, there is little essential difference between the constitution of the first Althing of 930 and the present Icelandic Parliament.

The island is about the size of Eire, though its population is barely 100,000. The men are a hardy breed, like their ancestors, their women fine housewives in colourful clothes.

More than one country boasts the world's most beautiful girls. Iceland's belles are certainly in the front rank, with their fair hair—almost platinum blonde—and those classic Nordic features which so many other less aloof northern races have lost through foreign intermixture.

Even the smallest farmhouse has its library. In fact, Icelanders are avid readers. They're far more familiar with their own history than we are with ours.

Many can speak and read two or more languages—surprising, for few have ever left the island, except to fish. There are no dialects; the professor of literature, the farmer and the labourer all speak alike; and they still use the same tongue spoken 1,000 years ago.

Glaciers—one is the largest in Europe—bleak mountains, extinct volcanoes. That is a visitor's usual impression of the island, and it's pretty correct. Seven-eighths of it is uninhabited, in fact, almost uninhabitable.

What land is tilled is along a coastal strip about five miles deep, where nearly everyone lives.

Reykjavik, the capital, is the largest town with 30,000 people—a city with modern streets of square, concrete houses with sun-trap roofs, cinemas, a fine opera house, picture galleries, good schools, hotel and Parliament House, and an English church.

How Icelanders would get along without their hot springs it is difficult to imagine.

Nearly every school, hotel and public institution is built

close to one of these, and it provides hot water to heat the premises, launder the clothes, wash the dishes, bath and bathe.

It is a new experience for most visitors to swim in naturally heated water amid snow-capped mountains and utterly transparent air. Bereft of its thermal springs, Iceland would be in a sorry plight for heating, since there is no coal. The little used has to be imported from 1,000 miles away.

And so Nature takes full care of the heating problem. Some of the hot springs are small quiet fountains, others are mighty geysers.

Iceland's show-piece, in fact, is the Great Geyser, which gives the term to all the other geysers. Of late the giant has resumed activity after lying doggo for nearly 20 years.

The geyser gushes forth from a mound of its own formation a thick jet of steaming water to a height of 150 feet. About the mound is a 4 to 5-foot-deep circular pool of hot water fed by the constant jet.

Before its re-eruption the Great Geyser would start with little, unsteady jets, the column increasing in volume, culminating in a grand eruption and giving off a great mass of steam, which condensed into vapour, obscuring the landscape for a mile around.

At one period in its history the geyser hurled its giant jet to a height of 300 feet. Just before one of the major eruptions the heat of the water at the bottom of the 80-foot shaft was tested and found to be 261 degrees Fahrenheit, or nearly 50 degrees above boiling point.

There is nothing so primitive as Iceland's transport and communications. No railways, the roads outside the towns are mere trails—tortuous, bumpy, stone tracks which no ordinary car could survive.

Traffic—human and freight—is by boats which ply around the island. Ponies—thousands of them—a trifle larger than the familiar Shetland, roam about almost wild, and off the town roads these are the sole means of transport, they and—in winter—husky-drawn sleighs.

Except for fish, Iceland's main industry, the islanders live almost entirely on tinned foods. If you thought you knew the full list, Iceland could probably add to it considerably. Even vegetables, biscuits, butter, tea, sugar and bacon, come out of tins.

Very little is grown on the island, and for the most part there is not a tree or a bush to be seen.

Iceland's show-piece may be her Great Geyser, but her primary feature is her position on the Arctic Circle. On the first day of the year you may see the sun from sea level for the first time for weeks.

After a December and a

# MORE WORDS

HERE are more words to fit the songs you whistle. Song sheets with words and music are being distributed at various places where you can make use of them.



## DER FUEHRER'S FACE.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Words and Music by Oliver Wallace.

Ven der Fuehrer says, "Ve iss der Master Race,"  
Ve Heil! Heil! Right in der Fuehrer's face.  
Not to luff der Fuehrer iss a great disgrace,  
So ve Heil! Heil! Right in der Fuehrer's face.

Ven Herr Goebbels says, "Ve own der World and Space,"  
Ve Heil! Heil! Right in Herr Goebbels' face.

Ven Herr Goering says, "Dey'll neffer bomb dis place,"  
Ve Heil! Heil! Right in Herr Goering's face.

Iss ve not der Supermen?  
Aryan pure, "supermen"?  
Ya! Ve iss der Supermen,  
Super, Duper, Supermen!  
Iss der nusty land so goot,  
Would you leave it if you could?

Ya! Dis nutsy land is goot,  
Ve would leave it if ve could!  
Ve bring der world new order.  
Heil! Hitler's world "New Order"!

Ev'ry one of foreign race,  
Vill luff der Fuehrer's face,  
Ven ve bring to der world dis order.

## DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Words by June Hershey, Music by Don Swander.

There is a land, a Western land,  
Mighty wonderful to see;  
It is the land I understand,  
And it's there I long to be.

The stars at night are big and bright,  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
The prairie sky is wide and high,  
Deep in the heart of Texas.  
The sage in bloom is like perfume,  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
Reminds me of the one I love,  
Deep in the heart of Texas.

The coyotes wail along the trail,  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
The rabbits rush around the brush,  
Deep in the heart of Texas.  
The cowboys cry, "Ki-yippee-yi,"  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
The "dogies" bawl, and bawl, and bawl,  
Deep in the heart of Texas.

## GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

By courtesy of B. Feldman and Co. Words by Frank Loesser, Music by Arthur Schwartz.

The lady came from South America,  
And she was lovely to see,  
When she arrived North America  
They introduced her to me.  
And so I showed her the town,  
And I was such a gallant guide,  
And when the moon had gone down, I sighed.

Good Night, Good Neighbour,  
This evening with you has charmed me so,  
To-morrow those Latin eyes aglow

Will haunt me all day.  
Good Night, Good Neighbour,  
We're back at your door and now we kiss,  
Tho' down in Brazil you'd frown at this,  
You'll soon learn our way.  
I know you're dreaming of a homeland,  
So very dear, land of many charms.

January of four short hours of natural light per day, it's no easy matter in late summer to accustom yourself to a full 24 hours of it, with the sun virtually visible even at midnight.

Maurice Bensley

# These were Nelson's

Reports  
Alex Dilke

A SMALL plaque bearing the name of Captain Hardy, Nelson's bosom friend, was sold recently for £52, and said by the experts to be "cheap," for there is always the keenest competition for relics of anything bearing even remotely on Lord Nelson and Trafalgar.

Probably of no great man who has been dead more than a century are more interesting relics preserved than of Nelson, and even after this lapse of time new relics are periodically found.

Only a few years ago, a Dane digging in his allotment near Copenhagen unearthed a spoon, in the bowl of which was a portrait of Nelson. By a curious coincidence, the digger's great-uncle had fought as a youth at the Battle of Copenhagen and had been mentioned in despatches.

More than eighty years after Nelson's death, a young instructor to the Canadian Militia visited a friend in Quebec, and noticed a portrait of Nelson on the wall.

He was given permission to take down the portrait to examine it more carefully, and as he did so a faded letter, dated Feb. 2, 1802, fell out. It was written by Nelson, and discussed the various portraits of himself.

He said that he considered this one by Brydon was the best. Copies of the letter and engraving were sent to the Nelson Room at Lloyd's, to Woolwich, and to the United Services Museum in Whitehall.

## NOT ALL BLOOD HIS.

At this last place is preserved Nelson's bloodstained coat which he wore at Trafalgar. Not all the blood is the Admiral's. His secretary, Scott, was shot at his side, and some of his blood bespattered the Admiral.

The fatal bullet itself found its way to Windsor Castle. Some of the gold braid from Nelson's uniform is still adhering to it.

The surgeon who extracted the bullet gave it to Hardy,

who had it mounted in silver and crystal, and it eventually came into the possession of the Prince Consort.

Another relic with a curious history is the foretop-sail of H.M.S. "Victory," which was set when the battleship went into action at Trafalgar. It was not until many years afterwards that the sail was found at Chatham. It was bloodstained and full of shot-holes. It is now preserved at Portsmouth.

H.M.S. "Victory" is well preserved. But many years ago some timbers were removed and cut into wafers no larger

than a visiting card, as "souvenirs" for selected visitors. There must be many of these in existence.

## CHARLIE BROWN'S FIND.

Charlie Brown had some Nelson relics at his famous pub, in Limehouse.

One of them, a letter written by Nelson aboard H.M.S. "Victory" two years before Trafalgar, had a curious history.

In the nineties he had bought a book, "The Life of Lord Nelson," by "The Old Sailor," put it on a shelf, and forgotten it. Then one day in 1929, when he was ill and wanted something to read in bed, the vivid binding of the book caught his eye.

He took it down, and found the letter pasted inside the cover.





# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A dealer showed me four charity stamps issued by a European country which, he said, he had just sold to a client for £22. The stamps were in short supply and I had not seen copies previously.

As is usual with these charity stamps, the surcharge was considerable. I reckon the purchase price was about 20 times the actual postal face value.

This raises a pertinent question. Since these semi-postals are largely a receipt for a contribution to charity, is it right that British and other collectors outside the country of issue should support those charities?

Charity, anyway, begins at home. Great Britain has never foisted charity stamps on the public. British people, being charitable-minded people, find plenty of needy causes and have no need to send their money abroad. (I speak of peace times, for at present the export of currency is regulated).

Switzerland has for years raised money this way for its youth movement; many countries have used the stamps for anti-tubercular funds. Holland and the Scandinavians have issued these semi-postals.

France has made a considerable income from this racket. Each year new charity stamps have appeared. The surcharge is always absurdly high.

The French Committee of National Liberation carry on the tradition outside the country, while Vichy multiply their own issues inside France. There is a new Free French issue, three sets in all, being distributed in the colonies. This carries a tax for the Patriotic Combatants.

Good luck to the Patriotic Combatants. But why must philatelists foot the bill? I note that one stamp with a postal value of 1fr. 50c. has a surcharge of 98fr. 50c.

Now, what Frenchman is going to give the post office 100fr. for the mailing of a packet which can go for 1fr. 50c.?

The truth about these charity stamps is that they are not bought by the general public at post offices, but by philatelists in all countries where there is still enough money to allow for foolish indulgence.

The Baltic countries had several changes of the monetary unit after the last war and the founding of their independence. It has happened in other countries, and invariably this means a complete re-issue of their postage stamps.

Paraguay has now created a new unit—the guarani in place of the peso. The guarani is equivalent to 100 of the old pesos; 100 centimos equal one guarani.

A London printing firm is now preparing for Paraguay a new series of 11 air-mail and 8 postage stamps. Among the designs are the national telegraph system (Paraguay transmitted the first telegrams in South America), vessels of the National Merchant Marine in the 1860's, the shed known as "the Rendez-vous of Conspirators," which was the starting ground of Paraguay's independence, and other scenes depicting events which led eventually to their independence.

All the stamps are to be engraved and printed from steel plates, with paper of standard type, unwatermarked.

Illustrated in this column are two of the new Nederland series to which I have already referred, a Vatican City pictorial inscribed *Flagrante Bello Misereor Super Turbam* (In the midst of war we have compassion on all peoples), and the Russian commemorative of the Teheran Conference, the inscription reading, *Hail Victory, Anglo-Soviet-American Fighting Alliance, Stalin*.





# IMITATION IS THE SUREST FORM OF ACCIDENT



Tanya, the acrobatic dancer from Batavia in the Dutch East Indies. Her early training embodied the principles of Yoga, and she declares that the things she can do with her body are really not worth making a fuss about—anyone can learn them with a little knowledge of Yoga.



For the last twelve months she has been acclaimed as the Boneless Bronze Beauty from Batavia and has topped the bills in American variety halls up and down the States. Admirers thought it easy to imitate her, but most of them, when last heard of, were in hospital being unravelled and re-set.

